My heart to her, but as gueſtwiſe, ſoiourn'd:
And now to *Helen*, is it home returnd,
There to remaine.
Lyſ. *Helen*, it is not ſo.
Deme. Diſparage not the faith, thou doſt not know;
Leaſt to thy perill, thou aby it deare.
Looke where thy loue comes: yonder is thy deare:

Enter Hermia.

Her. Darke night, that from the eye, his function takes,
The eare more quicke of apprehenſion makes.
Wherein it doth impaire the ſeeing ſenſe,
It payes the hearing double recompence.
Thou art not, by myne eye, *Lyſander*, found:
Mine eare, I thanke it, brought me to thy ſound.
But why, vnkindly, didſt thou leaue mee ſo?
Lyſ. Why ſhould he ſtay, whom loue doth preſſe to go
Her. What loue could preſſe *Lyſander*, from my ſide?
Lyſ *Lyſanders* loue (that would not let him bide)
Faire *Helena*: who more engilds the night
Then all yon fiery oes, and eyes of light.
Why ſeek'ſt thou me? Could not this make thee know,
The hate I bare thee, made mee leaue thee ſo?
Her. You ſpeake not as you thinke: It cannot bee.
Hel. Lo: ſhe is one of this confederacy.
Now I perceiue, they haue conioynd all three,
To faſhion this falſe ſport, in ſpight of mee.
Iniurious *Hermia*, moſt vngratefull maide,
Haue you conſpir'd, haue you with theſe contriu'd
To baite mee, with this foule derision?
Is all the counſell that we two haue ſhar'd,
The ſiſters vowes, the howers that we haue ſpent,
When we haue chid the haſtie footed time,
For parting vs; O, is all forgot?
All ſchooldaies friendſhippe, childhood innocence?
VVee, *Hermia*, like two artificiall gods,
Haue

Haue with our needles, created both on
Both on one ſampler, ſitting on one cuſ
Both warbling of one ſong, both in one
As if our hands, our ſides, voyces, and m
Had bin incorporate. So wee grewe tog
Like to a double cherry, ſeeming parte
But yet an vnion in partition,
Two louely berries moulded on one ſte
So with two ſeeming bodies, but one h
Two of the firſt life coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one
And will you rent our auncient loue aſu
To ioyne with men, in ſcorning your p
It is not friendly, tis not maidenly.
Our ſex, as well as I, may chide you f
Though I alone doe fele the iniury.
Her. I am amazed at your words:
I ſcorne you not. It ſeemes that you ſc
Hel. Haue you not ſet *Lyſander*, as in
To follow mee, and praiſe my eyes and
And made your other loue, *Demetrius*
(Who euen but now did ſpurne mee w
To call mee goddeſſe, nymph, diuine, a
Pretious celeſtiall? VVherefore ſpeake
To her he hates? And wherfore doth *L*
Deny your loue (ſo rich within his ſo
And tender mee (forſooth) affection,
But by your ſetting on, by your conſen
VVhat, though I be not ſo in grace as
So hung vpon with loue, ſo fortunate?
(But miſerable moſt, to loue vnlou'd
This you ſhould pittie, rather then de
Her. I vnderſtand not, what you me
Hel. I doe. Perſeuer, counterfait ſad
Make mouthes vpon mee, when I turn

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Midsummer Night's Dream* (STC 22302) LONDON, 1600 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.29